THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For the Port Folio.

THE LAY PREACHER.

"And every one that was in distress, and every one that was in debt, and every one that was discontented, gathered themselves unto him."

THIS text is more concise than even Sallust's history of the conspiracy of Cataline; but I think the prophet Samuel has sketched the features of Rebellion with bolder strokes and a more correct outline, than even the Roman narrator. The words of Samuel, few as they are, may be intitled a complete description of the motives of revolters. Distress, debt, and discontent. What a magazine of combustibles for every Guy Faux. What a train of artillery for warfare with every legitimate government. Distress, Debt, and Discontent, gaunt monsters, fiercer than the furies of the classical poets, and more wicked than the weird Sisters in our own Shakspeare.

Let us open the Bible, however, once more, search the context, and discover the whole truth, respecting the above described throng of afflicted, insolvent, and dissatisfied people.

The palaces of princes are rarely free from inquietude. Man is eternally impatient of a superior; and the frequency of court intrigues is proverbial. The pavilion of Saul, the Jewish monarch, sometimes resounded with other notes than those of the harp, the cymbal, the tabret, and the lyre. Even a careless listner might, in the pauses of the music of the son of Jesse, hear the clamours of competitors, the struggle for precedency, and the bray of discontent. Among the courtiers of Saul none was higher in the regal favour than David, after his victory over the champion of the Philistines. The sequestered shepherd was instantly metamorphosed into a court favourite. *Sweet Fortune's minion and her pride*, he was made free of the palace, and, at length, commander in chief of the royal army. Such was his popularity, that, on his return from a fortunate battle, a higher degree of military renown was ascribed to him, than even to his sovereign. The blossoming hopes of the youthful subject excited the jealousy of his master. "If," the king reasoned, "my people imagine this successful stripling is a greater warrior than myself, if he has the glory of slaying ten, and I only one thousand of my enemies, what can he have more but the kingdom? The laurels of conquest will not be a sufficient meed for his ambition. He will aspire to, and perhaps attain, my crown and sceptre.

Such seeds of suspicion would naturally produce a plentiful harvest of bitterness and animosity; and the angry Saul soon *thrust in the sickle*. At least, in the vengeful moment, he thrust a javelin at once to pierce the heart and annihilate the hopes of a suspected foe. The proofs of the king's enmity soon became so flagrant, that David sought his safety in flight; and, after wandering in different parts of the country,

and attempting admission at the court of Gath, he retired to the cave Adullam, and was immediately joined by four hundred malcontents; and who were they? Who thronged into a fortress; who repaired to a dark cavern to plot the darker schemes of Sedition, Rebellion, and Mischief? The answer is obvious, even if it had escaped the pen of the historian. Every one that was in distress, every one that was in debt, and every one that was discontented.

It is not the design of this sermon to impeach the motives of David. They were perfectly correct. The dread of assassination, and the inveteracy of Saul, were a sufficient cause for the terrified youth to flee, like a partridge, to the mountains. The suspicions of Saul were not only injurious, but groundless; and their object abandoned the court from a natural desire to save his own life, and not from any nefarious wish to usurp or embroil the kingdom. But four hundred poor, profligate, and restless men did not assemble at Adullam for such valid reasons. This banditti flocked to a wilderness, and shrouded themselves in its gloom, from motives base as their condition, and desperate as their circumstances. Saul had not quarrelled with this Council of *Four* Hundred. He was not the source of their misfortunes, he had not urged their creditors to enforce the claims of Justice, neither had he raised the cloud of discontent round their anxious brows. By Folly and Vice reduced to a low station in Jewish society, they wished, by a more summary mode than that of industry or economy, to rise from the mire of contempt, and to cancel the bonds of the creditor. They wanted power, and place, and riches, and consideration; and, hearing that David had retired from court in disgust, concluded that this was the lucky moment to change the colour of their fortune. Their hopes were, probably, as wild, their speeches as declamatory, their declarations as false, their gestures as fierce, and their hearts as rotten, as those of Cromwell's long Parliament, a French National Assembly, a club of miscreant Jacobins, or the savage Democrats of North America. An inside view of the cave of Adullam would be worthy the pencil of Salvator Rosa. Had he painted at Jerusalem, during this defection of David, what an interesting group of ferocious faces, indented with discontent, despair and crimes. Without the aid of the Italian artist, I can, through the optics of fancy, see them in their subterraneous retreat. They are rendered visible by the gleam of a single lamp, whose "doubtful and malignant light" assists one of the rebels to read his Tablet of Proscription. *Care sits on their faded cheeks.* Their looks are as terrible as their purposes. Through the deeper shades of the solitary recess may be discerned the lowering eye of each murderer, and the crimson spots on their daggers. Though it was not the mode, perhaps, for Jewish assassins to wear a *red cap* of freedom, yet the ruddy insignia of their office are not wanting. Blood is in their thoughts, and upon their hands. The silence of the lurking-place is broken by the threats or the vaunts of each insurgent. "I shall redden the temple with the blood of the priest," says one. "I shall now wipe out my debts with a sponge," exclaims another. "In the jumble of a revolution I shall rise from the lees of beggary and become uppermost," cries a third; while a fourth shouts, like exulting Adonijah, "I will be king."

This is not a reverie. This is the language, and these are the intentions of men, disaffected to government, whether you seek for them in the forests of Judea, or through the more murkey shades of a democratic club-room. In a compound of distress, debt, and discontent, infuse a little ambition, and the receipt to make rebellion is infallible and complete.

In an age, when love of pernicious novelties, and aversion to established religion and government, are cherished with fanaticism, it becomes a duty to indicate the criminal motives which urge the spurious patriot to tamper with the passions of the restless. In every government, even in that of England, the fairest, the mildest, the most liberal one that has been in-

vented by the wisest heads, and administered by the purest hearts, may be found men, like the associates of David, who groan under a load of debt, who are distressed, alike by the recollection and the commission of crimes, and who are discontented, because unadmitted to the graver counsels of the state. But it were madness to believe either that the misfortunes of this class are attributable to the prevailing polity, or that, should their visionary hopes be gratified, the sum of national felicity would be encreased. Ye credulous and gaping widgeons of the populace, ye gosling Gibeonites, who stretch your long necks to catch the dulcet sounds of the factious declaimer, it is not a melioration of *your* condition he seeks. No; he is exploring, with ambitious eyes, the ladder of promotion, and wishing, by the aid of your strength, to reach an upper round. Ye are cajoled to believe that it is to search for your benefit he wishes for elevation. Dislodge a worthier man. Place the patriot there; and soon he will "scorn the base degrees by which he did ascend," leaving you still to struggle with all the difficulties and all the debasement of your lowly situation.

The politics of this country are so notoriously correct, and both the form and administration of the government so admirable, that to apply any of my doctrine to the use of my fellow *citizens* would be what the critics call a gratuitous assumption. The office would be a sinecure. But though I am a hermit in many habits, and sit much in my study, my vagrant Fancy, ever excursive, sometimes makes me reflect upon the pleasures and advantages of foreign travel. Let me imagine myself in England or in Ireland. Suppose I should discern a mob, *gathering themselves* against the government, I should not ask if the constitution had been infracted. I should not even dream of mal administration or tyranny. Knowing the genius of British polity and the amiable character of the sovereign, I could not imagine that the laws were a dead letter, and that the House of Lords was suddenly transformed into Persian satraps, or Turkish bashaws. Should, therefore, the tempest of commotion blacken the political sky, and I should hear the growl of sedition in the public walks, I should look narrowly round and see whether I had not unfortunately fallen into company with men, who had lost their ears, or been whipped, or *distressed* by a rope round their necks, or *discontented* with an uneasy position in a pillory. Criminals of every class make excellent Jacobins. If the Government of Heaven could be realized on earth, every dæmon and every sinner would, in character, and of course, *rail at the administration.*

Now, if both History and Experience teach us that all seditious meetings are nothing but conventions of idle, profligate, restless characters, who, criminal themselves, strive to impute wickedness and corruption to their rulers, it behoves a prudent subject to shut his ears against the clamours of that vicious race, whose schemes, if accomplished, must, from the very nature of the projectors, loosen every social band, annihilate Order, dissipate Wealth, degrade Talents, vacate Morals, and subvert Religion.

I would advise that man, who is weak enough to suppose the revolutionary spirit is salutary to the state, and who, from groundless terrors of arbitrary power of the Few, labours to establish the more tyrannical domination of the Many, to read diligently the history of the Grecian commonwealths; the life and adventures of one Lucius Cataline; memoirs of the Gracchi family; a narrative of the civil wars in the reign of CHARLES the FIRST, and the exploits of the famous Maximilian Robespierre. Indeed, to this list of books the history of France, from the year 1789 to the accession of her First Consul, may be very profitably added. Such a course of study might cure political restlessness; but, unluckily for the success of my advice, many of those, for whose benefit it is intended, cannot unfortunately either read or think. These illiterate rebels can be healed only by the rougher prescription of a whip, or a prison. More enlightened malecontents, from a view of the miseries arising from revolt and anarchy may, pos-

sibly, learn to think better even of the administration of such a government and such laws as is witnessed in the halls of Westminster and St. Stephen's Chapel. But alas! I preach in vain, and spend my strength for nought. The multitude perpetually mistake their benefactors. They revolt from the freest and happiest government upon earth, and solicit an alliance with the most despotic. They depose a Charles, and make Cromwell their protector. They crucify their Saviour, and intercede for a thief.

For the Port Folio.

LITERARY BIOGRAPHY.

MATHURIN REGNIER.

Mathurin Regnier was born at *Chartres*, the 21st December, 1573, and was baptised there in the Parish church of St. Saturnin. He was the eldest son of *Jacques Regnier*, burgeois of that town, and *Simone Desportes*, sister of the abbe Desportes, a famous poet of his time. His father, in his marriage-contract, passed the 5th January, 1573, is entitled a *man of honour*; a title, which in those times, was only bestowed on the most eminent citizens. As he was fond of amusement, he built, the same year of his marriage, in the market-place, a tennis-court; the ruins of the citadel of Chartres, which were obtained by him on the credit of his brother-in-law, and this tennis-court bore, until his death, the name of *(Tipot Regnier)* tennis-court Regnier. It is this circumstance, probably, which occasioned those who spoke of Regnier to say, that he was the son of a *Tripotier*.

Jacques Regnier and *Simone Desportes* died of the plague; but not at the same time, nor in the same place. The husband died the 14th February, 1597, at *Paris*, to which place he had been deputed to further the interest of the town of Chartres, of which he was actually an alderman *(Echevin)* and was interred in the church of St. *Hilaire*. The wife lived a considerable time after that period; that is, she died the 20th September, 1629, and was buried in the church-yard of St. Saturnin in the neighbourhood of Chartres.

The fruits of this union were three children; *Mathurin*, of whom we are about to speak; *Antoine*, who was counsellor at Chartres; and *Marie*, who married *Abdenago de la Palme*, officer of the king's household.

Mathurin Regnier joined the church and received the tonsure the 31st March, 1582, by *Nicholas de Thou* Bishop of Chartres. He did not bear to the sanctuary the best regulated life; he gave himself up, on the contrary, in his youth, to dreadful debauchery, which considerably shortened his days, and brought upon him at 30, as he himself inform us, all the distressing infirmity of old age.

We are informed, by tradition, that his satirical powers unfolded themselves at an early period, and that the verses which he made on sundry occasions were the cause more than once of chastisement from his father, who charged him at the same time to write no more, or at least to employ his mind on subjects which could give no one offence.

We learn by his writings, that he travelled twice to Rome; the first time in the year 1593, at the age of 20, with the cardinal *François de Joyeuse*, archbishop of Thoulouse, to whom he was much attached; but who never rendered him any services: apparently on the score of his licentious mode of living. M. Brossette contradicts this account, by declaring, in his notes upon Regnier, this journey to have been undertaken in 1583, and by making at that period our poet twenty years old. He made the second journey in 1601, with *Philippe de Béthune*, who went there in quality of ambassador; and it is to him that he addresses his 6th satire, which he composed during his residence at Rome.

He obtained in 1604, by devolution, a canonry in the cathedral church of Chartres, after having proved that the resigner of this benefice, in order to give sufficient time for the acknowledgment of his resignation at Rome, had concealed for more than a fortnight the death of the last titulary, in whose

bed they had placed a log, which was afterwards buried in room of the body that they had secretly interred; and he took possession of the canonry the 30th July of that year.

He had, besides other benefices, a pension of two thousand livres granted to him in 1606, by Henry IV, on the abbey of *Vaux-de-Cernay*, after the decease of the abbé Desportes; who was invested with that dignity.

He died at Rouen, in his 40th year, the 22d October, 1613, in the Hotel of *l'Ecu d' Orleans*, where he lodged. His bowels were taken out in the parish-church of *St. Marie de Rouen*; and his body, after being enclosed in a leaden coffin, was conveyed to the *abbey de Royaumont*, as he had directed.

P. Garasse, in his *Recherche des Recherches*, page 648, says, that Regnier wrote the following Epitaph on himself in his youth, having despaired of his health, and being to all appearance at the point of death:

I've trod life's stage without one care,
To cloud my pleasant prospect fair,
Obeying Nature's wise decree:
And it surprises me to find,
As I on death ne'er turn'd my mind,
He should incline to think on me.

But, it is not this Epitaph, nor some of the other licentious poems of our author, which ought to serve as examples for the formation of a decisive judgment on his sentiments and manners. Although it cannot be denied he carried debauchery to excess, and that his pen was loose and unrestrained, yet it appears he changed in the end his style and conduct. His sacred poems, the first of which was composed ten years before his death, and in his thirtieth year, bear edifying marks of his repentance; and he there discloses sentiments truly worthy of a penitent christian.

Regnier stands first among those French writers who have been versed in the art of satire; and we may venture to say that he is as excellent as *Despreaux*, who has entirely superseded him. He chose for his models Persius and Juvenal.

Ingenious follower of these learned masters,
Regnier alone amongst us caught their spirit;
Still, in his style, tho' old, new graces charm.
Ah! happy if his lines shall awe the youth,
To shun the place the author did frequent,
And the bold sound of his satiric lines
Offend not often modesty's nice ears.

This is the language of Mr. Despreaux, who alludes principally to the 11th satire of Regnier, where the poet describes a place of debauchery. As for the rest, though he is inexcusable in having preserved so little decency in his style, we must not judge him by the taste of our age; the muses being at present more chaste and reserved—if he be there in error, we must reject that part of his writings where he pretends, as M. de Valincourt observes, in the eulogium on M. Despreaux, 'that obscenity is a salt absolutely necessary to satire.'

Mademoiselle de Scuderi gives a very just idea of Regnier in the 8th volume of her *Clelie*. The muse Calliope appears there in a dream to Hesiode, asleep upon Mount Helicon, and announces to him the principal poets who will come after him. She says to him on the subject of Regnier: "Behold that man negligently and slovenly clothed—He will be named Regnier, will be nephew of Desportes, and merit much of his glory. He will be the first who shall compose satires in French; and although he will have the benefit of some famous originals among those who shall precede him, he will be nevertheless himself an original. His happiest efforts shall reach excellence; and, even in his most careless mood, his genius shall be visible. He will portray vice with ingenuousness, and the vicious shall be pleased. Finally, he shall take a distinct course amongst the poets of his age, wandering very often.

It is worthy of remark, that Regnier is not so much an original that he has not often copied and translated passages of antient Latin and Italian authors, who have written on subjects upon which he would treat; and that he has not even taken entire pieces from the Italians. Hence, it is wrong that those, envious of the glory of M. Despreaux, have opposed to him Regnier, as a poet entirely original, who was indebted to nothing but his genius, and who depended

solely on the inexhaustible funds of his own mind.

Mr. de Valincourt, secretary of the king's cabinet, in the discourse he pronounced on the reception of the abbé d'Etrées, successor of M. Despreaux in the French academy, says, Juvenal, and sometimes even Horace, have attacked the vices of their day with arms which alarmed the maiden timidity of virtue."

Regnier, perhaps in that alone, a faithful disciple of these dangerous masters, owed to this shameful licence a part of his reputation: and he then pretended that obscenity was a salt absolutely necessary to satire; as it has been since imagined that love ought to be the basis, and of course the soul, of the Drama.

For the Port Folio.

THE DAY.

BY DAVID DIARY.

No. 14.

Quando aliquid prohibetur, prohibetur et omne, per quod devenitur ad illud.

LAW MAXIM.

EITHER there is no such thing as a *right of blockade*, or it is a right, like all other rights, to be exercised at the discretion of him to whom it belongs. Rights, natural rights, do not exist for particular purposes. The right of blockade arises out of the right to oppose an enemy; and a belligerent is not to be told, that he may oppose his enemy in this way, but not in that.

But, if the right of blockade be such as it is here described, there is an end of the limitation of blockade, to a port, or place besieged; an argument which suits the condition of France, and which is echoed by the *cursory reviewer*.

We are told, that the conduct of Great Britain amounts to the blockade of a whole empire. This is not true; but I have no hesitation in declaring, that a belligerent has the same *right* to blockade a whole empire, as to blockade a single town.

II. The second point, in respect to which the conduct of Great Britain is denominated tyrannous, belongs to the doctrine of *contraband of war*. Commodities are contraband of war, either by convention, or by the nature of things. I contend that a belligerent (I care not what or which belligerent) has an undoubted right to treat, as contraband of war, whatever it esteems to be of much importance to its enemy, and productive of much injury to itself. There is no other principle in the doctrine of contraband of war. There is nothing in the nature of things, that can render iron, rather than corn, contraband of war; the corn which feeds the besieged is of as much importance as the iron with which they fight. It is the principle; not the commodity. Whatever may have been established by conventions, with immediate reference to military assistance, nature gives to the belligerent the right of excluding his enemy from the receipt of whatever he please.

III. I will not separate the neutral carrying trade, between a belligerent and her colonies, from the general topic of neutral trade. The reviewer charges Great Britain with having pursued her measures, 'not only to distress her enemies, but *to reach the property of neutrals*.' The latter assertion I presume to be a libel; the former amounts to no charge at all. The right of neutrals to an unlimited trade, to the export and import of every species of commodity, and to the navigation of every sea, I have already maintained. On the other hand, I equally maintain, that a belligerent has the right of opposing the trade of neutrals, whenever, and wherever, it is injurious to himself. No doubt, this is a species of warfare upon the neutral; but it is a warfare into which he is forced by his just regard to his interests.

IV. In this summary of the points in debate, I shall recur to the subject of impressing, that so I may be enabled to draw into one view my sentiments on the whole. The right of blockading at the pleasure of the belligerent, the right of treating every commodity as contraband of war, and the right of opposing every export and import of the enemy, appear to me to rest on a basis which nothing can shake: they are

rights which power may trample under foot, but which nothing can destroy. Thus far, then, I am the advocate of Great Britain; but, when, committing outrages not exceeded by France, nor by any other nation upon the globe; when, in defiance of the rights of an independent state, she invades its jurisdiction (the decks of its ships) and there, by lawless violence, seizes on the bodies of men, and disposes of them at her pleasure, I know not which of the two powers fills me with the stronger sentiment: the one, committing these acts, the most atrocious that ever pretented to be just; the other, suffering them, the most despicable that ever called itself *independent*.

I come now to meet the reviewer, at large, and in conclusion, on the question of blockade; but I protest, that, ever and anon, as I proceed in my reply, I 'suspect myself a fool,' for thus joining issue with such a writer, upon any subject of state policy. How shall I excuse myself, if I suffer language to escape me, harsher than that of contempt, in return for that of a statesman who expresses himself as follows? 'But, as if the measure of our losses was not full, and in a moment when we are negotiating to settle other wrongs, a blockade of four rivers, *for the mere purpose of interrupting business, and general domestic comfort*, is announced to our minister in London.' If any thing can heighten the ridicule, that attaches itself to this passage, it is, that a little further on, we find this other: 'This *mere* statement of the *purport* of this *illegitimate* and excessive proceeding SEEMS like hostility to England.'—I will not be so cruel as to make English of these words. In particular, I will not say, with Hamlet,

Seems, madam! nay, it *is*.—

But, what is this top and finish of iniquity, with which the British government is now charged? A *mere statement* might contain no more than this, That Great Britain has declared the ports, rivers, and coasts, belonging to, or under the control of Prussia, to be in a state of blockade; a fact which it will be proper for us to consider in three points of view, as it respects its defence: the *right*, the *interest*, and the *manner*.

1. The right is unquestionable; provided, that the *right of blockade* be such as I have above defined it. But, the right of blockade, such as it is contended for by the reviewer, and by those who argue with him, is something altogether different: what this is, and upon what foundation it rests, it is necessary to examine.

Here, as from a more ostensible champion, I shall quote the letter of Mr. Monroe, to my lord Mulgrave, of the 23d of September, 1805. The extract will show, that I am not absolutely fighting a wind-mill; but that, however entitled to repose the reviewer may in other respects appear, he deserves notice for this, that his sentiments are those of the government of the country.

'The list of contraband,' says Mr. Monroe, 'is well defined, as are also *the circumstances that constitute a blockade. The best authorities have united* in confining the first to such articles as are used in war, and are applicable to military purposes, and *in requiring, to constitute the latter, the disposition of such a force, consisting of stationary ships, so near the port, by the power which attacks it, as to make it dangerous for the vessels of a neutral power to enter it. The late treaty between Great Britain and Russia designates these circumstances as necessary to constitute a blockade, and it is believed that it was never viewed before in a light more favourable to the invading power.*'

I profess myself at a loss to determine the sense of *invading*, as the epithet is here employed by Mr. Monroe. Does he mean simply, a *belligerent?* or, does he mean an *assailant*, and does he wish to mark in this manner, his strict limitation of blockade, to a place or port besieged?

But, there is a previous and more important question. Whence does the right of blockade originate? To ascertain its existence, must we search for authorities? Is it of a nature to be defined by convention?

If my reader examine the doctrine of Mr. Monroe, he will find it to be

founded on the supposition, that blockade is a matter purely of convention; a thing accorded to the belligerent, through the indulgence of neutrals. He does not appear to entertain the smallest notion of a *right;* but refers solely to practice.

I am guilty of no misrepresentation. My reader may see that I am not. Mr. Monroe thinks of nothing, but precedent, practice and convention. Here, if there be error, the error springs.

Mr. Monroe thinks of nothing, but precedent, practice and convention. Why else does he talk of *authorities*, and *treaties*, and *views?* For the substantiality of a *right*, does he thumb Vattel? for its *existence*, does he depend upon an *agreement* between Great Britain and Russia, or upon the *view* of this man, or the other? Let him shut his books, and take his own *view!*

So then, the sole question is, Whether the right of blockade be a right natural or conventional? If it be natural, we have nothing to do with *authorities*, *treaties*, nor *views;* if it be conventional, these must determine every thing. What convention creates, convention may define; but no more.

But, the right of blockade is a natural right; and, proceeding upon this principle, it is no wonder that we differ essentially from those, by whom (not to treat with disrespect their understanding) I must suppose this to be denied. From *authorities*, we may learn how this right *has* been exercised, but not how it *may;* from *treaties*, how it has been *agreed* to be exercised, but not how it *must;* from *views*, what it has been *understood* to be, but not necessarily what it *is*. To speak more particularly, the *treaty between Great Britain and Russia* could not possibly *designate* THESE *circumstances as necessary to constitute a blockade;* but it might very reasonably designate what, between the contracting parties, should be *held* so to do.

I repeat it, the right of blockade has no other basis than in the right of the belligerent to annoy his enemy. If he propose to annoy him through the medium of siege, he may use blockade with this view. If the annoyance be of any other kind, blockade is equally at his command. There is nothing in reason then to limit the operation of blockade to the case of siege. That, in practice, it may have been so limited, is not at all to the purpose.

Waving, however, the question of right, Mr. Monroe is anxious to establish the nature of the *circumstances that constitute a blockade*. I know of but one circumstance; the existence of *danger* (as Mr. Monroe requires) to the vessel entering. It is this *danger* that *constitutes the blockade*. Whence the danger results, is not worth inquiry; its existence is all. When a belligerent, by any means, makes it *dangerous for the vessel of a neutral power to enter his enemy's port*, he then, to all intents and purposes, *blockades* that port; when he does not make it *dangerous*, he does not *blockade it*. Now, either Great Britain creates this danger, and thereby effects a *bonâ fide* blockade; or, she does not, and therefore is guilty of no blockade at all. The whole doctrine is very plain: the belligerent *may* blockade what he *pleases*, and *does* blockade what he *can*. The first depends upon his prudence; the second upon his power.

A treaty between two nations, upon the question of blockade, can only go to *acknowledge* the right, or *regulate* the practice.

2. I will allow myself no longer to dwell on what tends to establish the *right* of G. Britain to blockade the *four rivers;* that is, the *abstract justice*, with which it is possible for her to do this act. I face an inquiry of equal importance, the *relative justice* ; the *justice to herself* and *justice to others*, with which she may so blockade. This *relative justice*, as applied to an act of violence, must depend upon the *necessity of the case*.

I promised, in my preceding paper, that I would not lose sight of the *necessity* under the dictates of which Great Britain does or does not take those measures which are offensive to neutral powers. That promise I am now about to fulfil.

If we look for the source of all the obloquy which Great Britain suffers from other nations, we shall find it in

the *maritime*, or rather *commercial* war she pursues. This is a strong fact, very diffusive in its results, and one to which I claim my reader's most earnest attention.

Incidentally, it may be proper to observe, that all commercial operations and interests peculiarly suffer from the prejudices of mankind. With violence, we secretly associate the idea of grandeur; with trade, that of meanness. It will always be held in less disesteem, to sack a city, than to carry away its trade.

The effect of public opinion, in this instance, is not particularly my concern. It is enough, that I have called to my reader's recollection, the distinguishing character of the warlike measures of England, and warned him of the disadvantage under which they labour. I proceed to their necessity. Here, it may be expected, that I shall rely on the geographical and moral condition of Great Britain; that I shall show her territory to be insular, and her people, manufacturing and maritime, and thence assume, without fear of overthrow, the reality of those commercial interests, which it is her business to pursue; and thence, the *necessity* of those measures by which they are to be maintained.

It is not, however, my intention to stop at this. I shall show, not only that Great Britain is commercial, but that all the nations of Europe, all the nations within her sphere of action, are commercial; that the age is commercial; and that it is not Great Britain alone who is engaged in commercial warfare, and who makes warlike measures of those which are commercial. Look at France; laurelled, military France! By what measures does she seek, by what measures does she *hope*, to subdue her enemy? By commercial. Hear monsieur Cretet, counsellor of state, in his discourse on the finances, delivered to the legislature, April 14th, 1806: *means of coercion must be resorted to against England; but Nature opposes their effect, by obstacles, the duration of which we are unable to calculate.*—Here, the counsellor attempts to counterbalance this unpromising account, by bringing into notice the hopes of security which France may draw from her continental strength and influence; but, returning to England, he observes, *England, abusing her local advantages and immense maritime power, has herself betrayed her vulnerable points. To the efforts which she makes on the ocean, it may become necessary to oppose still more vigorous efforts by land; and, since she presumes to insulate and cut off the commerce of other nations, by subjecting the sea to her dominion, it will be no more than just reprisal in us, to insulate her, and shut her out from the continent, to the greatest extent that may be possible.*—Are we not now in possession of the French plan of operations, the commercial campaign? But, we may hear still more. We may listen, if we please, to the French decrees of pains, penalties, confiscation and death, against the importers and dealers in British manufactures. We may hear her outcries against Switzerland, Germany and Holland. What is the prominent feature in the French military operations? Wherefore do French armies march? To seize granaries and magazines? rather, to drag miserable pedlars from their beds, and pillage warehouses of dry-goods. *General Oudinot*, says the Moniteur, *has taken possession of the counties of Neufchâtel and Valangin.* And what follows? He found those counties *filled with English merchandise, carried there by the merchants of Switzerland.* OF THIS THE FRENCH ARMY HAS MADE SEIZURES, TO THE AMOUNT OF MANY MILLIONS. *All the banks of the lake of Neufchâtel have been furnished with French manufactures.* Again, observe the military importance attached to these commercial measures: *Switzerland, at this moment, is little more than a warehouse for English goods: when it shall be cleared of these manufactures, we shall, possibly, have found a medium through which to give a new check to the enemy.* Again, in the event of this continuance in the trade with England, *Who shall protect Basle from a visit from the French army? Lastly, if the French shall regard the toleration of these magazines of prohibited goods* AS AN ACT OF DIRECT

HOSTILITY, *will not all the complaints of the Swiss be unfounded?* &c. These are her arguments and menaces; let us hear next her lamentations; her pathetic figure of *weeping Commerce, la Commerce larmoyante*, &c. so successfully rivalled by the reviewer's *weeping voice of bleeding Europe*. Thus, till England shall soothe the weeping commerce of nations, and, renouncing an universal monopoly, shall restore their natural rights, and no longer dispute with them, except in what regards the advantages of soil and the improvement of the arts, her vessels, freighted with unproductive wealth, shall show themselves in vain upon these extensive coasts.'—Need I take further pains to show, that, in Europe, the scheme of hostilities is reciprocally commercial?

Our next view shall be homeward. When the United States feel themselves aggrieved, in what way do they prepare to assert the rights of nations? Do they collect an invading army, or do they equip their navy, that navy the *superiority* of which, in North America, is so humourously hinted at by the reviewer? No; they too make war upon commerce, and through commerce; they resort to prohibitions of manufactures, and threaten navigation-laws.

Commercial warfare is therefore the practice of the age; and what can be more reasonable? Warfare is an attack upon the resources of the adversary; it attempts to crush, or to sap. The taste for luxury, which grows with the growth of civilisation, recommends commerce to the people; the facility with which it affords a revenue recommends it to the tenderest solicitudes of the government; hence, all those nations, which we commonly honour with the name of civilised, are more or less embarked in its career, and have in this *their vulnerable points*. It is not unnatural, that against these the blows of warfare are directed.

From all these premises together I infer, that Great Britain, in the commercial character of her hostilities, calls down upon herself no *peculiar* obloquy; and that she may, in the fair exercise of her belligerent rights, do acts that cannot necessarily fix upon the charge of commercial monopolisation, the tyranny of the seas, or the desire of *reaching the property* of neutrals. I infer, that the warfare of a commercial age must inevitably take a commercial character; that it must be directed against commercial interests; and that, if the warfare of Great Britain be super-eminently imbued with this character, or more remarkably directed to these ends, it results not, by any certain consequence, from the *abuse of her advantages*, but from the necessity of her situation. France, we know, and have just seen, interferes with equal activity, in the *trade of neutrals*, by land. The Swiss, the Swabian and the Dutch merchant could describe, at least, an equally numerous catalogue of *wrongs*, sustained from the strong hand of the belligerent; and, were it not for the Atlantic and the British cruisers, America would be allowed no market, in England, for her cotton, nor, unless the policy of the Thuilleries commanded it, for her tobacco, nor her flour.

Applying the principles of warfare, as operating in a commercial age, to the particular question of blockade, I think no difficulty can attend our perception, that the *practice* of this act of hostility is not to be governed by precedents of another age, or from the conduct of belligerents otherwise situated. The same argument will also serve as a reply to the charge so often made against Great Britain, in reference to the changes in her orders respecting the trade of neutrals. I ask, Whether she may not change her conduct with the times? Whether she may not so exercise her right as to render that right most conducive to her benefit? Whether she may not improve nor alter her policy? and, Whether she may not follow mercantile expedients of evasion, with political expedients for the attainment of her purpose? To answer these questions properly, we must always remember, that the action is matter of right, and the mode of action only, matter of choice.

After what I have said, I need not insist very particularly, on the species of *necessity*, of which I suppose Great Britain to labour under the possible influence, as it respects *commercial* block-

ade, and the trade of neutrals; I shall however, consider more distinctly the blockade of the *four rivers*.

I am ready to allow, that the order of blockade does not assign a good reason for the measue it directs. The simple refusal of one nation to maintain a commerce with another can be no just ground of violence. But, however carelessly or weakly that order may have been written, we are not thence to conclude that Great Britain has no just cause of blockade. First, she, as every other nation, has an undoubted right to consider and treat Prussia as an enemy, whenever she thinks proper; secondly, the king of Prussia, in shutting the ports in question against the British commerce, interferes with that commerce, not only in his own proper dominions, not only in the ports over which, by violence, he assumes the control, but in many and large inland, neutral, and friendly countries; and, thirdly the *motive* of this exclusion is very sufficient cause of war. It is one thing, when a nation, through just regard to its internal policy, prohibits the introduction of foreign goods; it is quite another, when the prohibition has no other motive than that of hostility. I shall close this defence with the words of Mr. Fox, contained in his letter to Mr. Monroe, in which the blockade before us is described as having been adopted, "the king taking into consideration the new and extraordinary means resorted to by the enemy, for the purpose of distressing the commerce of his subjects."

3. The manner in which this blockade is proposed to be executed, is also another subject for consideration. I find this to embrace the utmost tenderness for the interests of neutrals, consistent with pressing ones of Great Britain. The coasts, rivers, and ports are left open to 'neutral vessels, laden with goods, not being the property of his majesty's enemies, and not being contraband of war,—provided the said ships and vessels shall not have been laden at any port belonging to or in the possession of his majesty's enemies, and that they shall not be destined to, or sailing from, any port in the possession of his majesty's enemies, nor have previously broken the blockade.' It follows, that the objects of the blockade are twofold, and that these are all, To prevent the landing of commodities contraband of war, and to cut off the commerce of an hostile power. With respect to the neutral, not carrying contraband of war, it only forbids him to be the carrier of that commerce of the hostile power. This is the whole of an affair which occupies a column, at once so melancholy and so diverting, of the *cursory review*.

Once more I halt on my march through the political field; and once more (such is the bounty of my correspondents!) I can offer to my reader, *to soothe*, as the poet advises, *his travel with a song*.—The *procellarius-pelagicus* is the bird commonly known to mariners by the name of *Mother Carey's Chicken*. In size, form, colour, and motion on the wing, it bears a general resemblance to the swallow. It may be said rather to float than swim upon the water, changing its place only by flight. I conjecture that it is not web-footed; for, to what purpose should so small an animal swim, upon so extensive a surface as the sea? Besides, for every action it rises into the air. The ocean is its resting-place. If it be to eat, it does this sitting, like the duck, but expands its wings, which it constantly flutters, while, half standing on the water, it pecks at its food, in the manner of a *chicken*, whence, it may be presumed, its name. It is amusing to see it, in this attitude, raised and lowered by the waves, still standing on the surface, and still picking at the scrap.

ODE,

TO THE PROCELLARIUS-PELAGICUS.

Tiny wand'rer of the deep,
Tell me whence thy distant way?
Where thou dost in safety sleep?
Where thy home, thou vagrant, say?

On what course my bark I steer,
Where unmeasur'd waters roar,
Tiny wand'rer, thou art near,
Careless which way lies the shore!

In my far-borne vessel's wake,
All day long thou hov'rest nigh;
Picking morsels, thou dost take,
There, thy humble life's supply.

Thou, when ev'ning's star serene,
Glistens in the glassy main,
All beside me, flitt'st unseen,
Chirping, flitt'st; a luckless strain!

Hence art thou the seaman's hate;
When thou sing'st, dead falls the gale;
Calms the rolling ship await;
Idle hangs the swagging sail.

Tiny wand'rer of the deep,
Tell me whence thy distant way?
Where thou dost in safety sleep?
Where thy home, thou vagrant, say?

On what secret rock, or beach,
Do thy callow offspring rest?
Or, as fabling sailors teach,
Is the tossing wave thy nest?

Tiny wand'rer, tender form,
O'er this drear expansion roaming,
How abidest thou the storm,
Skies inclement, ocean foaming?

Little fragile skiff! thy keel
By what compass dost thou guide?
For thy wants the hand reveal
That doth here the stores provide?

Bird, we tiny wand'rers are,
Wand'ring over sea or land;
One sure hand's sustaining care;
One, the all-sustaining hand!

SONNET I.

Come, simular of joy! thy baleful hand
Wave, Disappointment, o'er these op'ning flow'rs!
Come, that approach'd me with sweet aspect bland,
Fair winning smiles, and voice of happy hours!
Come, fiend malignant! thy foul form reveal,
Thy dark cold features, flinty bosom, own;
Show thy hard hand, that to the wretch can deal
For fish a serpent, and for bread a stone:
Come, thou shalt me against thy will befriend;
And, whilst thou shak'st each pillar of my heart,
And, whilst thou wouldst Hope's straining cables rend,
Thou shalt high Wisdom's saving lore impart:
Withdraw my leaning arm, new nerve my force,
And send me, victor o'er thee, on my course.

SONNET II.

Yes, Disappointment, of full many a joy,
Thou stern disposer, at whose frown depart
The timid pleasures, thou canst rob my heart,
And, at thy bidding, my poor life annoy!
Yes, thou canst dash away the cup I raise
To these parch'd lips; canst wake the gale,
And rough the smooth sea, when I spread the sail;
Canst break the branch where my dependence stays:
Yes, thou canst rob me, canst afflict me still;
From my fond hands each little treasure wring,
And sorrows hourly to my bosom bring;
But yet not all things hast thou at thy will:
It is not thine, unpitying pow'r, to tear,
From this arm'd breast the jewel that I wear.

SONNET III.

I know thee, blaster of the buds of spring,
Fell Disappointment, that dost, cank'ring, eat
The rose's bloom, and spoil'st the berry sweet,
And 'mid the young corn light'st, with locust-wing;
I know thee, in thy gauzy garment drest,
Apples of ashes in thy hand that bear'st,
Wreaths of false flow'rs and hollow shells that wear'st,
A reed thy hand-staff, and a cloud thy crest;
I know thee, curst enchanter! that employ'st
Thy wand to close each prospect that doth ope
At the blest call of that good wizard, Hope,
And, what he deftly buildeth, still destroy'st;
I know thy form, thy arts, thy strong control,
Yet dare defy thee in my fixed soul!

SONNET IV.

So as the pilgrim, on that desert bare
Trav'ling all day, across the thirsty land,
Where white waves rise, a sheeny sea of sand,
On, with worn limbs and heavy heart, doth fare;
But, when, before his eyes, there stretches wide
Fair water, as he deems, in which the skies,
Reflected there, behold their own sweet dyes,
And where tall shadows bathe, the palm-tree's pride,
Then leaps for joy, and only counts the way
That is between him and those living banks,
And lifts to heav'n his sunken eye, in thanks,—
Then still finds sand, where seemed water lay;
So I, Maria, have but hop'd in vain;
And, from my hope, draw but my newer pain!

SONNET V.

Thou noted promise-breaker, that between
The lover step'st, and his fair mistress dear,
When as, bright Venus' star beneath, the green
He paces soft, but can no signal hear,
No whisper by the blind boy taught; no sound

Of tender feet; and, vainly peering, tries,
E'er yet, returning oft, he leave the ground,
That shape to see for which all day he sighs!
Thou, that from month to month, th' expected sail
Deny'st the anxious merchant, on the strand,
Thou, that has fill'd with wo so many a tale,
And lay'st on me, at ev'ry turn, thy hand;
Hard-hearted Disappointment! oh, that verse
Not fail'd me thus, when I thy crimes rehearse!

SONNET VI.

Oh, not thy strength, but other's weakness, see
Supporter, Disappointment, of thy reign;
There are that yield no vassalage to thee,
And all thy power and thy wit disdain!
The infirm sea thou may'st in high waves heave,
And wreck the gay ship on the look'd-for shore;
Time's waxen form thou may'st of bliss bereave;
Blight the frail herb, and blast the fruit it bore:
His golden promise pluck from tender Youth;
Make spoil of Beauty's evanescent snow;
Fortune's unstable smile, and Friendship's truth;
And, from inconstant breasts, work True-love's woe:
Such are thy triumphs; but thy might, nor art,
Can take, from me, my rest in Mary's heart.

For the Port Folio.

MISCELLANY.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

IN the miscellaneous works of Doctor Franklin there is an ingenious parable, exposing the folly of persecution. Turning over an old English magazine (The Reposiory for May 1788) I found that the Doctor's title to this little piece was controverted and disproved. The story is said to be found in G. Gentius's dedication of a book entitled *Isribu Judæ Salomonis, &c.* and printed in 1688, as quoted from a still more ancient author. I have transcribed, for the amusements of your readers, the extract copied into the Magazine from the above mentioned work. The Doctor, in his translation, or, rather paraphrase, certainly excels the original; but, it was not altogether consistent with candor, to permit it to be published as his own. EBORACENSIS.

Illustre tradit nobilissimus auctor Sadus, venerandæ antiquitatis exemplum Abrahamum Patriarcham, hospitilitatis gloria celebratum, vix sibi felix faustumque credidisse hospitium, nisi extremum aliquem, tanquam aliquod presidium domi excepisset hospitum, quem omni officiorum prosequeretur genere. Aliquando, cùm hospitem domi non haberet, foris eum quæsiturus, campestria petit; forte virum quendam, senectute gravem, itinere fessum, sub arbore recumbentem conspicit. Quem comiter exceptum domum hospitem deducit, et omni officio colit. Cum cænam appositam, Abrahamus et familia ejus à precibus auspicaretur, senex manum ad cibum protendit, nullo auspicio usus. Que viso, Abrahamus eum ita affatur: "Mi senex, vix decet canitiem tuam, sine prævia numinis veneratione, cibum sumere." Ad quæ senex: "Ego ignicola sum, istiusmodi morum ignarus; nostri enim majores nullam talem me docuere pietatem. Ad quam vocem horrescens Abrahamus, "rem sibi cum ignicola profano et à sui numinis cultu alieno esse, eum e vestigio à cæna remotum, ut sui consortii pestem et religionis hostem, domo ejecit. Sed ecce summus Deus Abraham statim monet: "Quid agis, Abrahame? Itane verò fecisse te decuit? Ego isti seni, quantumvis in me usque ingrato et vitam et victum, centum amplius annos dedi; tu homini nec unam cænam dare, unumque eum momentum ferre potes?" Qua divina voce monitus Abrahamus, senem ex itinere revocatum domum reducit, et tantis officiis, pietate et ratione colit, ut suo exemplo ad veri numinis cultum eum preduxerit.

DR. FRANKLIN'S TRANSLATION.

"And it came to pass after these things, that Abraham sat in the door of his tent, about the going down of the sun. And behold a man bent with age, coming from the way of the wilderness leaning on a staff. And Abraham arose and met him, and said unto him, "turn in I pray thee, and wash thy feet, and tarry all night; and thou shalt arise early in the morning and go on thy way." And the man said, "nay for I will abide under this tree," but Abraham pressed him greatly: so he turned, and they went into the tent: and Abraham baked unleavened bread, and they did eat. And when Abraham saw that the man blessed not God, he said unto him, "wherefore dost thou not worship the most high God, creator of heaven and earth?" and the man answered and said, "I do not worship thy God, neither do I call upon his name; for I have made to myself a god, which abideth always in my house, and provideth me with all things." And Abraham's zeal was kindled against the man, and he arose, and fell upon him, and drove him forth with blows into the wilderness. And God called unto Abraham, saying, Abraham, where is the stranger? and Abraham answered and said, "Lord, he would not worship thee, neither would he call upon thy name;

therefore have I driven him out from before my face into the wilderness," and God said "have I borne with him these hundred and ninety and eight years, and nourished him and clothed him, notwithstanding his rebellion against me; and couldst not thou, who art thyself a sinner, bear with him one night?"

VARIETY.

Variety is charming,
Constancy is not for me;
So, ladies, you have warning.

OLD BALLAD.

During the famous disputes about *liberty* between the Jesuits and the Jansenists, a very pretty girl appeared at a masquerade in the habit of the former. This whimsical circumstance gave occasion to the following epigram:

On s'étonne ici que Caliste
Ait pris l'habit de *Moliniste*,
Puisque cette jeune beauté
Ote à chacun sa *liberté*.
N'est-ce pas une *Janseniste?*

IMITATED.

What means Calista's mimic wit?
Calista is no *Jesuit*.
Where'er the damsel rolls her eye,
We all give up our *liberty:*
Able no longer to resist,
We hail the lovely *Jansenist!*

A singular coincidence of sentiment the reader will perceive between this French epigram, and the Latin one of Dr. Johnson, addressed, in answer to her *high-flown speeches on liberty*, to a lady, who professed herself of *whig* principles:

Liber ut esse velim suasisti, pulchra Maria,
Ut maneam liber, pulchra Maria, vale.

Epictetus compared Fortune to a female, who granted favours to the meanest of her servants. The following madrigal pursues the idea.

Dans l'amour comme dans le jeu,
Rien n'est certain, rien n'est solide:
Et le mérite sert bien peu
Ou sans ordre, et sans choix la Fortune préside.
Du plus adroit et du plus genéreux,
Du plus aimable et de plus amoureux,
Souvent le malheur est extrême
Et souvent, sans y penser même,
Le plus sot est le plus heureux!

IMITATED.

The gamester and the gallant find,
Fortune and Love are of one mind;
Both are by mere Caprice directed.
In vain the generous lover sighs,
In vain his art the gamester plies,
Virtue and Skill are both neglected.
Fortune and Cupid, all agree,
Are so stark blind they cannot see,
The worth of any kind of merit.
Blockheads grow rich ere we're aware,
To women fools and fops are dear,
Dearer than men of wit and spirit.

The polite reader will readily remember an old song, ascribed to Sir Walter Raleigh, of which two lines are,

If she be not fair to me,
What care I how fair she be.

This beautiful little poem, which finely displays the jealous pride of a lover, has, we think, been imitated by Mr. Sheridan, in his charming opera, the Duenna. But Mr. S. is no plagiarist, and his copy is as enchanting as the original:

I ne'er could any lustre see
In eyes that would not look on me;
I ne'er saw nectar on a lip,
But where my own did hope to sip.
Has the maid, who seeks my heart,
Cheeks of rose untouch'd by art?
I will own the colour true,
When yielding blushes aid their hue.
Is her hand so soft and pure,
I must press it to be sure;
Nor can I e'en be certain then,
'Till it grateful press again.
Must I, with attentive eye,
Watch her heaving bosom sigh;—
I will do so, when I see
That heaving bosom sigh for me.

An Italian who was very much addicted to gaming, and was both very poor and very unlucky, used to exclaim, O Fortuna, traditrice, tu mi puoi ben perdere; ma pagar no. Fortune, thou vile traitress, it is true you can make me lose; but you cannot make me pay.

The Abbé de la Victoire used to say of Mons. G. who was a notorious parasite and calumniator, That fellow never opens his mouth, but at another man's expense.

In one of his last lessons to his son, Lord Chesterfield most ungallantly says, that women are never either good or bad by halves; their passions are too strong, and their reason too weak, to do any thing with moderation.

Charlotte Smith is the author of the following poetical description of one of the prettiest fellows of the forest. The natural history of the Squirrel, in the sixth stanza, and the fine simile at the close, are very just, elegant and pleasing.

The Squirrel, with aspiring mind,
Disdains to be to earth confin'd,
But mounts aloft in air;
The pine tree's giddiest height he climbs,
Or scales the beech tree's loftiest limbs,
And builds his castle there.

As nature's wildest tenants free,
A merry forester is he
In oak o'ershadow'd dells,
Or glen remote, or woodland lawn
Where the doe hides her infant fawn,
Among the birds he dwells.

Within some old fantastic tree,
Where Time has worn a cavity,
His winter food is stor'd:
The cone, beset with many a scale,
The chesnut, in its coat of mail,
Or nuts complete his hoard.

Of wise prescience thus possest,
He near it rears his airy nest,
With twigs and moss entwin'd.
And gives its roof a conic form,
Where, safely sheltered from the storm,
He braves the rain and wind.

Though plumeless, he can dart away,
Swift as the woodpecker or jay,
His sportive mate to woo:
His summer food is berries wild,
And last year's acorn cups are fill'd
For him with sparkling dew.

Soft is his shining auburn coat,
As ermine white his downy throat,
Intelligent his mein;
With feathery tail and ears alert,
And little paws, as hands expert,
And eyes so black and keen.

Soaring above the earth-born herd
Of beasts, he emulates the bird,
Yet feels no want of wings:
Exactly pois'd, he dares to launch
In air, and bounds from branch to branch,
With swift elastic springs.

And thus the man of mental worth
May rise above the humblest birth,
And adverse fate control;
If to the upright heart be join'd
The active persevering mind,
And firm unshaken soul.

Mr. O——, on reading Pliny the younger's account of his villas, observed, that it was written with such accuracy of detail, as if Pliny had intended to put them up for sale.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The indignation of our old correspondent F. is very properly excited against the pitiful subjects of our national *economy*. Such items, however, are suited exactly to the humour of our *haberdasher* politicians, such items are *tape, thread, and buckram*, perfectly proper in a *taylor's bill*, perfectly fit to be huckstered by a pedlar, by "a *Franklin* in the wilds of Kent," but wholly unworthy the fiscal calculation of a liberal statesman, and what the genius of a BURKE or a WINDHAM would disdain as the very *scrapings from the trenchers of penury*, as the *cheese parings* and *candle ends* of the most sordid and abject avarice.

"Delia" we believe, is more of a seamstress, than a shepherdess. Her heart, as Matthew Bramble would say, is as soft as butter, and as easily melted. In the conflict between Discretion and Love, it is easy to see, which will prove the victor, and that, one of the most favourite choruses in Delia's choice collection of songs is,

In *spite of all my friends could say*,
Young Colin stole my heart away.

The description of a celebrated belle and beauty has too near a resemblance to the Olivia of Goldsmith. But, although we do not fully approve of the picture, we admire the original, and can say with the enthusiasm of Orlando,

All the pictures fairest lin'd
Are but black to Rosalind;
Let no face be kept in mind,
But the face of Rosalind.

The sketch of Papilio is too much in the chalk and charcoal style, partaking more of the caricatures of Gilray, than the resemblances of Reynolds. Dr. Young has already described such an insect as Papilio:

His character and gloves are ever clean,
And then he can out-bow the bowing dean;
A smile eternal on his lip he wears,
Which equally the wise and worthless shares.
In gay fatigues, this most undaunted chief,
Patient of idleness beyond belief,
Most charitably lends the town his face,
For ornament in every public place;
As sure as *cards*, he to the assembly comes,
And is the *furniture* of drawing rooms.
When Play invokes, his hand and heart are free,
And join'd to *two*, he fails not—to *make three*.
Narcissus is the glory of his race:
For, who *does nothing*, with a better grace.

Before we can pronounce a single word in the American *oration* style, we must, in the words of Shakspeare's Celia, "borrow *Garagantua's* mouth first; 'tis a word too great for any mouth of *our* age's size."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Port Folio.

ELEGY,

WRITTEN IN ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD,

Augusta, Georgia, Feb. 1806.

" On to the Church-Yard horrors led,
Whilst fearful echoes burst around,
On some cold stone he leans his head,
Or throws his body on the ground."—

" To some such drear and solemn scene
Some friendly pow'r direct my way."—

—

The night in a garb full of horror appears,
And the earth seems some rude shock of nature to dread;
I look round with an awe which confesses my fears,
Whilst, reclin'd on a tomb, I converse with the dead.

That grave has long clos'd o'er the eyes of a friend,
Here a father's lov'd corpse to the dust was resign'd;
As o'er these green hillocks with rev'rence I bend,
How solemn the sorrow that steals o'er my mind!

Tho' no deep sculptur'd marble to fame will consign
The names of those bones which here moulder away,
Yet affection and friendship shall hallow the shrine,
And visits of rev'rence full frequently pay.

Of yon willow's bare branches how deep is the sigh;
With another it mixes which steals from my breath,
Whilst more mournfully far the shrill wind whistles by
The rank grass that o'er shadows these mansions of death.

The sound of that bell seem'd to strike on my heart,
On the murmuring wind 'twas borne slowly along;
My soul for a moment appear'd to depart,
For touch'd to the quick was each feeling that's strong.

Again all is still, and almost I believe,
Every being lies hush'd into slumber but me,
That I, only I, must unceasingly grieve,
And endeavour in vain from existence to flee.

Ah! why am not I too permitted to rest,
From false joys and vain sorrows why am not I free?
In life there are few who have been more distrest,
There are few to whom death were more welcome than me.

Since Reason's bright ray first illumin'd my mind,
Life's gay-painted scenes I have carelessly review'd,
And nought in the wide changing prospect could find
That wisdom admir'd or virtue pursued.

Wealth I found but a thorn to the pillow of care,
A breath could destroy the proud fabric of fame;
Ev'n hope furnish'd pleasure with arts to ensnare,
And of all our enjoyments the end was the same.

The caresses of pow'r were meant to destroy,
Disappointment and sorrow still follow'd her train,
And friendship and study could offer no joy,
That was not soon clouded by sickness and pain.

Love alone for a moment induc'd me to stray
From stoical coldness, contentment and ease,
That moment has made me to anguish a prey,
Which no reas'ning can lesson, no time can appease.

From mem'ry I thought I have long strove to fly,
They, alas, still relentless, my footsteps pursue;
Oft this pray'r half escapes from my lips in a sigh,
Oh life be thou evermore shut from my view!

But death, like the swallow, companions of bliss,
Seeks the gay sparkling domes of the wealthy and fair,
And as he resembles all false friends in this
Like them too he shuns the lone haunts of despair.

GUIANDOT.

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